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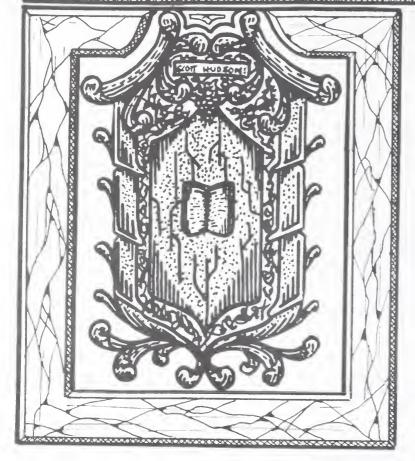
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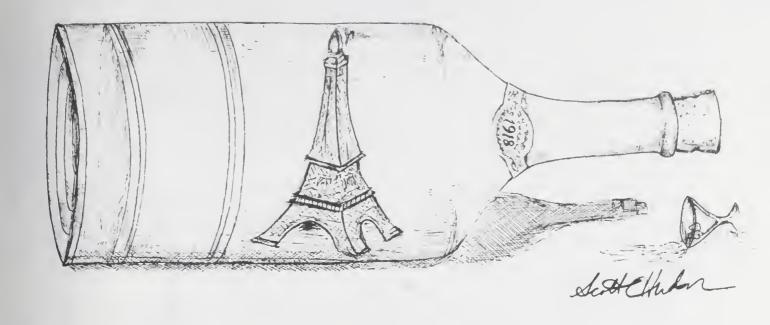
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A Story by Ted Donlan

She leaned back on her chair and started laughing hysterically after I said it. I didn't think the joke was that good, but in the state she was in, she would have laughed at just about anything. She then waved down the bartender shouting out, "Monsieur, Monsieur, une autre biere s'il vous plait". The bartender came back, I put my hand over her glass and said, "Let's go, Elise, just take the bottle with you". She gently shrugged her shoulders and said, "D'accord, why must we leave so soon?". I had to say something to her so I said, "There's a nice sunset tonight, I wouldn't want to miss it". She smiled with her dazed look and said, "Ah, comme c'est romantique".

I could tell that she was ready to black out on me so I had to get her out of here soon. I put on my coat and nodded to the bartender for him to get the bill. He came back and put the bill beside Elise. Of course, she was so hammered that she didn't even realize it was there. I reached over and got it from the table. "100 Francs!", I said to myself in amazement. I don't think I ever paid this much for a few drinks. (Then again, Elise had more than just a few). I gave the bartender the money and helped Elise out of the bar.

Elise staggered her way across the street with me. She was still nearly ready to pass out. She took a drink out of the bottle and wiped her lips with her sleeve. "Elise" I said, "let me hold that bottle for you" (I had to keep her from drinking). Reluctantly she gave me the bottle and then she suddenly stopped walking. "Tiens!" (Hey!) she shouted, "there is la Tour Eiffel!". She let go of my hand and skipped happily out into the field in front of her. I gave out a sigh. "Here she goes again", I said to myself. I now felt like I was babysitting for her again. It didn't bother me though, for this was the last time I had to do it.

I eventually caught up with her in the middle of the field. She was still wandering about in a daze. I then waved my hand in front of her face and said, "Come on Elise, snap out of it". She shivered about as I woke her up. "Let's go Elise", I said, "I want to get to the top of the tower before dark." She gave no reply at all, she just stood there staring at the field strangely. I took her hand and led her across the field.

"What are you doing anyways?", I asked her. "Oh (yawn), I'm just thinking", she said as she rubbed one of her eyes. "About what?" I asked. She yawned again and said, "About the times we came here between our classes at Sorbonne. (She now seemed to be regaining her senses a little). The times we ate lunch here, the times we played that game 'football' with your friends, and all the other fun things we did". I nodded and said, "Yeah, those were good times". She then smiled at me and said, "I really can't wait to do all of that again next year". She stared right at me and waited for me to say something. I took my eyes off of her and said, "Elise, it's about time I told you, I'm not...". She stopped suddenly and waited for me to finish. "Oh...", I studdered, "...Oh never mind". I put the bottle back in her hand and said, "...just finish this for me." She eagerly took the bottle and drank from it.

We finally got to the tower. I bought two tickets at the quichet for the elevator ride. Then we waited under the tower for an elevator to come down. Elise was not totally smashed. She leaned against me with her eyes closed mumbling some French to herself the whole time. An elevator finally came down. I had to litterally drag Elise into the elevator with me. Fortunately there was only one other person in it. Outside, I could see that the sun had already fallen beneath the skyline. But, that didn't matter, Elise couldn't tell anyways.

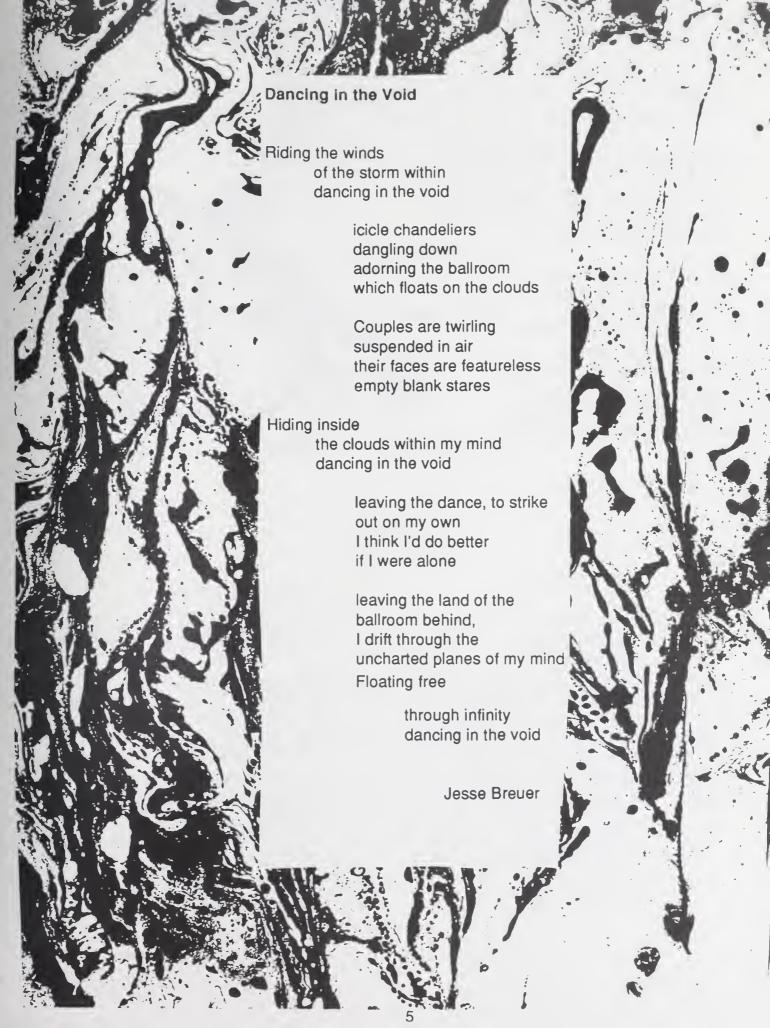
The elevator finally reached the top. Elise was still in a daze so I had to help her out of the car as well. I brought her over to a spot overlooking the Seine, and sat her down. Elise opened her eyes partway and said, "Ah, what a lovely sunset". (Of course there was nothing but an afterglow left). I tapped her on her shoulder and said, "Aren't you going to finish that beer of yours?". She gently nodded her head and did as I asked. She finished it pretty quickly and finally passed out. I then had to do what I ultimately came for. I stood up, took out a piece of paper, and wrote the word "goodbye" on it. I put the note in her coat pocket and then got on the next elevator down.

You may think that what I did was cruel and coldhearted, but it was for her own good. I didn't have the heart to tell her that I had to go back to America. And, she would have probably left me if I told her anyways. She had to learn how to live on her own and to not always depend on me to clean up after her. She had to be able to wake up into the real world by herself. (And the next morning, that's exactly what she did).

Nephew

the boy with the teddybear and the funny walk, outside my door he's playing, he's planning on playing with me.
But I have no time for him now. there's no time I want to give.

Johnny Galano



Prophecy

A cold wind blows across this plain of light
An image we see through a stained glass night...
Feelings - warm the flesh - freeze our soul
From scattered remains recreate the whole
Scene of rebirth, a war is won

Seen in the East, a setting sun
Can you find reason
Rising every day
Black is White is treason
Trying every way
To break the bonds of conformity
Take refuge in discontinuity
I roll the Dice and tell the Story
A wiseman's circle is - Prophecy...



Truth



A Truth in life so clearly seen
As crystalized in fluid time
Reveals to us our very being
Enlightens us our way of crime.

Scintillating where this Truth
Sparkles so clear,
So elusive is this Truth
That dances so near.

Can we see beyond the sky
Capture a moments repose,
There find a reason why
These shadows decompose?

Where can we hide ourselves. So far and secure?

William Brinkert

Humanity Is Vanity

Humanity is vanity:

a frail hand gripping a slick metal pole in an attempt to pull itself up from the natural positionall fours!

who are we to think
we must civilize educate theroize create
what have we accomplished?
done nothing but modernize exterminate disorganize fornicate by prostituting ourselves to so-called civilization.

How vain are we to believe we are on some mission from God. Superior creatures.

No, rather...primitive.

Molly Phinney

Story by Sarah Kaye

School has changed, she thought, sitting. Looking at her Latin teacher she thought, yes, it is different. The teacher was talking about how important a knowledge of Latin is for getting into the Ivy schools. Last year they just talked about Vergil. Her English teacher last period had been discussing college application essays, not Wuthering Heights. She had friends in other grades; they didn't seem to notice that everything had changed. Yes, everything, she realized, not just school. At Thanksgiving dinner, relatives asked her where she was applying, recommended their Alma Maters. Her oldest brother, trying to cheer her up one night, pointed out that her long involvement in clarinet playing would look good on applications. She'd decided last year not to take Chemistry AP because there were other classes she wanted to take more, but now she wondered how it would look on her transcript. She thought, it must've changed like this for all the classes before mine, and I never noticed. I'm a senior, she thought, and the thought seemed to jar in her mind as if it didn't belong there. She tried to write it all down one night, but it didn't seem to work; and she shook her head and went back to her applications.

weekdays.

the wind tears at my back, showing the world my heart. and are these things out of step?, i wonder. nothing seems to work. the key. the key is on the floor. waiting. and I'm never ready to see. i hope. i hope there will be some time sometime, sometime for my time to come. will it arrive? can i rise above the sound of sweet water? the numbness comes and goes, goes and comes. will it ever stay? my eyes are acid tears, melting until the back of my brain screams.

hospital.

sleepy daze drizzles down the insides of my head. something's cold. remember the way you should have felt: the numbness deepens. the party begins and everyone's a face: screaming by like pictures of cars. the red bowl is placed by the bed; waiting..cold. so red. everything's submerged with a release from the chest; pushing me down 'til the screeching cars eat my eyes. so red and my heart pushes to stay. blinding white, and everything's cold again.

sundays.

everybody seems to hate. the world is too small, it squeezes the brain. against the sky, the white grips the moon full, and still it can never be whole, the man with the knife rips the sheets, staining my hands, who handed him my heart? tore my chest when i was asleep, staining my hands, it can never be whole, the world squeezes too tight, suffocates the brain.

- Johnny Galano

The Revenge of Helen Fin And The Lard Fairy

Tallow dripping from motionless wing
She stands headlong in the dusty haze
Reading aloud a tattered copy of Macbeth to
A teardrop rendered powerless by her presence.

With agonizing frustration she Suddenly releases an icy shriek Whose decibels rise to a plateau tender enough To shatter the eardrums of a passing butterfly.

Somewhere behind her, a silken voice Invites her to copulate with a road hazard And, in her anger, she vomits a silver dagger And uses it to seal his lips with bloody wax.

Heather Fairfield

Majestic White . . .

Majestic white roams the waves toppling over; sand between my toes, so soft and moist, always spreading. shades of wings catching the spray from against the rocks. eerie squaws from the sky: blue-white clouds lazily, float. We are one, two parts together, sitting ...along the shores of the grey rocks running. Johnny Galano Sandra a poem and another day long ago like the summer and its sparkling orange rays. (my eyes wander the fields yellow

she sings to me with her eyes and I wonder if she's wondering again.

play against the

and green

and white harps

Johnny Galano

sky...)

How Did We Get Here?

An animal in a jungle,
just like every other animal in the jungle.
except a little bit smarter, and a little bit more resourceful.

But still, how did it get from that jungle to this jungle?

But still, how did it get from that world in which it dressed in furs and hunted it's food, to this world in which it dresses in polyester, and goes out and performs some mundane service, in exchange for little rectangular bits of paper, in exchange for a comfortable existence in this world?

Flesh and blood surrounded by concrete and steel

How did we get here, and was it the right choice?

Jesse Breuer



Roses and Razorblades

Roses which grow in the gardens outside, the petals a mask for the thorns which they hide

The world is much colder than first it appears you'll know when you're older and wiser in years

Sweet taste of razorblade Sweet taste of death it's drawing my blood as I draw my last breath

It cuts to the quick 'til the blood starts to flow and lands on the petals of roses below

Jesse Breuer

Sunset, Snow and Sibelius by Mike Russo

The most difficult atonement is the sort one must sometimes make with himself. Maybe it was a search for that elusive atonement, the simple hope, if not a fleeting glimpse, of a light at the end of the tunnel that I began work on one year ago, that instigated my walk on the snow-covered beach last Thursday. I sank to never-before-seen depths in that tunnel last year, for every reason in the world . . . and for no reason at all. To sum it up in a four letter word, I was a mess, I did, nonetheless, survive; I lived. And isn't that what life's all about; living?

The sun was setting as I stepped off the front porch. The premature snow, still clean and pure, looked golden-pink in the dimming afternoon. Despite the late date, our red maple still tenaciously clung to most of its leaves. A car passed; the gate squeaked, then clicked shut; I was outside my realm. My mind was clear as I stepped into the street; if anything, I was happy. The distress and inner hopelessness that drove me from my pleasure dome on that misty night last November was all but gone. I'd overcome that spectre beneath the summer sun.

To keep me company on my walk, I brought along the Sixth Symphony of Jean Sibelius. I'd learned to love this piece because it is truly pure and lacks the excesses found in other kinds of music. The Sixth is more like life; more like me; sombre, with pastoral contrasts; joyful but restrained; perfect sunset music.

I walked in the middle of the slush-coated street. There was a salty, almost hypnotic odor on the wind that drew me toward the sea. At the top of the hill, I saw an old friend whose name I forget. He was with one of the ugliest girls I've ever seen; hair-in-the-air, troweled-on make-up, tacky costume jewelry, the works. He didn't look much better. They looked like a couple of Tello's clones. "God help us," I mumbled. They didn't see me.

The sun had dropped about a quarter-inch since I stepped from the front porch. The beach was silent. It glowed in the dying autumn afternoon. Sunlight reverberated off its cloak of new-fallen snow. I was immediately struck by the total, untouched purity of the scene. Without the snow, the beach would have looked like a garbage heap facing an open sewer, but at that moment, I wasn't looking at the beach; I was gazing on the Elysian Fields. I stepped into the snow and walked the hundred-or-so yards across the field to the water, my feet profaning the smooth, crystalline whiteness.

At water's edge, I felt totally peaceful despite the trochaic rhythm of a passing train and the roar of a not-so-distant jet. I turned on my tape and walked toward the distant, silhouetted hump of the M.D.C. rink. As the wind blew across the now white, now pink, now silver-blue snow, a frozen haze drifted toward the sea like a veil of golden silk.

In the shadow of the rink, I saw the hope, the light at the end of the tunnel, somewhere in the opaque patterns of wind-blown snow. I stepped out of the shadows and into the saffron light. I turned and slowly walked back toward the hill with the icy sounds of the scherzo in my ears. The sun was behind me; my shadow a long distorted caricature of reality. I didn't cross the field again. Instead, I followed the dirt-gravel-and-broken-glass path to the top of the hill. I turned again. The sun, golden-orange, dipped lower, and in a moment, was gone. The violins gave their last impassioned outcry and peacefully faded away; the music, too, was gone; finally, I was alone.

I stood beneath a crimson sky and watched the ghost of afternoon melt into evening. Standing there, in the wind and cold, I found my atonement. Last year was a glimpse down the pit. All that I lost, all that was never mine, truly means nothing. Family, friendship, love: these things must be cherished but sometimes . . . sometimes a person just has to let go. I learned that last Thursday. I learned to forgive.

Ripples Of A Salt River

Soft memories
float along
with no effort
in the ripples
of a salt river
touching the wilted blue shores
of my island
I want to reach out
across the expanse
but the water flows through my fingers
and you
slip away
down the current.

Dorian Woods

Ocean Blue

Ocean Blue were the eyes
That made me laugh and
Consoled my cries
But when those same eyes
Now look at me,
They are cold and uncaring,
Like the raging sea

Ann Leahy

Untitled

Lost,
deep in an eternal universe.
Within the midst of confusion
crystalized beams grasp hold of their light,
one by one,
guiding me through the darkness of the mist.

A light breeze of this newly discovered world, so strange,
so foreign,
has me now under hypnotizing enchantment.

-Soft gentle magic, let me find my own path, For since I have gazed in through the windows of this soul, I've forgotten what I have been searching for.

Melissa Morales

B.L.S. Bread

Very Fine grapefruit juice obnoxious blonde in blue puncturing armadillo skin flint bronson lighter butane aglow bathing lobsters dispel a hermits loneliness the hands of a loud mime cry decapitate the silly babbitts reunion fleeing in trivial gabbing sacreilliac ecstacy and dripping blueberries the moon is only one side of the eye we breathe electric pennies of winter the arborway bus is one hour Kodak film (400 VG Exposure, of course!) scintillating ostriched spread their left-handed legs to receive their wholly ghost John Kaye was the shirt of Steppenwolfe that's rude, cool, harsh, bleak, neurotic shaped like vinyl eyebrows and "Yo mama let's meditate with Michelangelo's baby lizard underneath a fountain" coffee accelerates time by Dali whose the testosterone tubing in a hospital bed while Jack Benny and the Wacky Bat lie upin castrated blackboards while Mr. Penguin preaches of Aeneas and his Trojan-enzs "Would you please delineate the unrainbowlike abstractions of Matthew and Kristine bending over in the band-stands during the rally?" in 500 squirms or lessthe albatross circles over "the Pond Scum" Moby Dick and Mobius lick each other's choreographic walls of John M. Ego's room popping purple people's posterior and creating pimpled peepholes in the shepherds sibylline lavatory as the world will be right back—Copulation thrives in spagnetti-stained clinics of way down (I reckon) yonder the Whole-Truth Church of Joe Cocker and Sly and the Family Stone who suffer from a case of terminal eardrum of the memoirs of the Doors of dried bread in 18 and 45; Friends.

Nosduh & Zenyatta

another day by John Galano

1

Jimmy sat at his desk next to the open window. His head softly nodding. The sounds of the classroom — the teacher's monotone babble, the tapping chalk, the rattling paper — slowly faded into a hollow echo. His boredom fed his laziness into a rising storm of inattentiveness. He was disgusted by his thoughts of sleep. He had always considered himself a good student, but now class didn't even interest him. He wanted to lift his mind from out of his weak body (susceptible to temptation) and dive into the surging knowledge that surrounded him. As he sat there (eyelids softly resting), he wondered why his life had become so useless, and if it were now so useless, what was its use before. He found no answers.

He became anxious and opened his eyes. He watched as the afternoon illuminated the floating chalk dust. He wanted to stand up and start yelling. He wanted to throw some chairs or turn over some tables. He wanted to do something. He had to do something.

The bell rang for his next class. He got up from his seat and walked out the door, frustrated. As he walked down the hallway, he felt like slamming against the shoulders that bumped up against his own. They were irritating. Everything was irritating to him now. When he went into his last class, at first he was bored but at least he was calm, now he needed to break something or someone. He needed an outlet to release his energy. Energy that was still building up.

He felt his nerves twitch, and the erratic beat of his heart. He felt his head pound; beating against his skull, screaming for release. His eyes stung from the heat of his unguided anger.

11.

Sharon stepped out of the door of her Chemistry class. She had received a 93 on her test that was passed back. She felt relieved that her three-hours-a-night all this week had paid off somewhat. She felt happier than she had felt for a long time about school. Everything was starting to work out for her. Even still, she was glad that it was Thursday and that tomorrow would be Friday, and then no school for four days. She always received long weekends with a big hug and a kiss on the cheek, but then she thought- who didn't

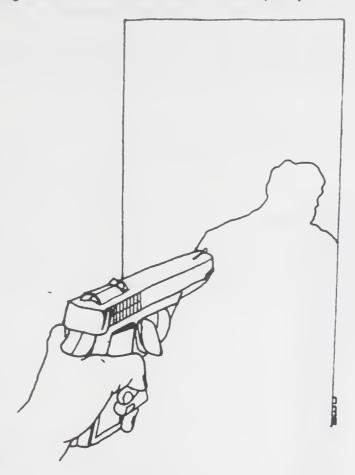
She strolled past Jimmy saying- Hi. He didn't hear her and walked on. She grabbed his arm just as he was about to walk out of reach. He turned around and faced her eye to eye: tears nearly coming out of his. She asked him, a little worried, what was wrong. He said-Nothing, and pulled away from her.

He hurried down the hall. He couldn't let her grab him again (seeing that he was now crying). He couldn't let that happen. There wasn't anything really wrong anyway. He didn't want her to know that he was crying, never mind crying without a real reason.

He turned into the doorway to the stairs and started ascending them, jumping two stairs at each step. She ran after him (down the hallway and up the stairs). He saw her coming and became more aggravated. Why couldn't she just leave him alone? Why couldn't everybody just leave him alone?

He turned to face her as she came up the steps after him. She came closer and closer. She was in pushing range, and so he pushed her. Sharon went falling back, grabbing, searching for something to hold onto. She grasped the railing, only to trip and fall, banging her head against the cold steps. Blood spilled over the steps, mixing with the dirt as her body finally stopped moving.

He stood there on the steps looking down at her dirt and blood stained clothes. He watched as the blood dripped down forming a red-brown pool beside her head. He turned around feeling elevated and relieved, and went quietly on to his next class.



Means To An End by Andrew Stewart

'I definitely hate this teacher.", the boy thought to himself as he listened to her talk. He couldn't pronounce her name, and didn't care to. Her phraseology and tone of voice stopped just short of insulting his intelligence, while it seemed to say, "Oh, I'm so much smarter than all these kids." His regular English teacher, Mr. Key, was out. He'd heard strange names before, but Mr. Key's first name was Bronze! Students always made jokes about that when they found out.

Joe, who sat next to him, showed him a gun he had in his bag. He hated Joe, too, but didn't tell him for fear of getting in trouble for fighting. Joe commenced to brag about the gun to him. Joe talked too much about himself, so he tuned Joe out, and thought about what a bad week he'd had. He thought about his parents yelling at him about his grades from his stupid city high school, and his arriving late to school that day so that he had to go to detention, and how this new teacher was one of the worst he'd ever had. Then, the bell rang and the new English teacher dumped a big assignment on the class, and said that the regular teacher would be out for the week and she'd be filling in. "Oh, great!" he thought as he left.

The boy listened to Joe as they left detention (usually he didn't say much himself). He said good-bye and went to his locker. As he was leaving, he found that Joe had gone and left his locker unlocked. Since nobody was in the hall, he checked inside and found the gun in the bag. The boy knew it was loaded, so with this he knew he had the means to .. an end.

He ran towards the back of the school to catch up with Joe, when his English room caught his eye. He peeked in and saw the new teacher, with her back to him, correcting papers. Being sure not to leave fingerprints, he quietly took out the gun with a piece of paper.

Outside, Joe heard two shots and ran back to the school. He saw a bullet hole in the wall which led him to look into the English room, where his gun lay on the floor. He ran in and picked it up. Then Joe saw the dead English teacher.

"A young teenager was arrested by a high school security guard for shooting his English teacher in the head earlier today. The boy was turned over to the police and his parents are still trying to be contacted ...", was the report the boy heard on his Walkman that afternoon on the way to the library. He listened on and heard nothing to suggest that anyone but Joe and his parents would get in any trouble. The boy knew he'd pulled it off, so he continued his homework. He thought about how the teacher deserved what she got, and Joe deserved what he got. He thought it was hard for everyone to like either one of them, anyway, so he didn't feel guilty at all. Everything worked out. As he left the library, he grinned to himself in satisfaction.

Slipping Sanity

The inner recesses of my mind cry out in anguish and confused pain.

I am placid.

Stress and love are put together, fused and become one in the same.

I am placid.

As my soul falls and falls; down and down gone.

I am serene.

There is nothing left, I am hollow, vainly I search Something to release

I am chaotic!

There is no feeling left to release so I follow seemingly calm yet I wonder...

Am I placid?

Cassandra Ciardi

Not All Yogurt Is Wholesome

Maggots.

Soft, squirming, fleshly maggots.

They're in my yogurt, but I can't see them. So I continually shove spoonfuls of then into my mouth. A few straining on the wooden tabletop and leaving a thin, liquid trail of mucus behind them.

Meanwhile, I sit quietly - methodically chewing on their soft, plump bodies - oblivious to the blood running down my chin and staining my shirt a dull copper.

No wonder - only you can see them.

Heather Fairfield

Face To Face With Mortality

I walk and imagine
each footstep to be a flurry.
I cry and imagine
each tear drop to be an ocean.
When I struck out
my fists were earthquakes.
I see my every movement
as a ruler and

"man is the measure of all things"
On I walk creating my flurries
I see a man struck down
on the ground,
bleeding from hands
and feet

Cassandra Ciardi

And my infinite powers disappear.



Mask Of Pain

Sitting alone
Dismal lyrics
Filling the ear
Adding to the pain
Feeling sadness
Swelling the heart
Into a hard lump
Everything's wrong
Tears falling
Hearts breaking

Bouncing like a ball
With happiness
You come
Engraving my sadness
Deeper
Forcing a smile
Greeting is muttered
You ask"What's wrong"
Forcing,
another smile
Lips quiver
I answer"Couldn't be happier."

You're satisfied
Of the answer
Bouncing away
You
Don't have a clue
Of
My true feelings

Watching-Your fading figure my only friend I Break into

Floods of tears

Anonymous

If Only

If only I could gaze deep into your eyes forever on a cool summer's evening when all is still but the thudding of my heart the earth would stop in stride fulfilled and I should never have to look to the stars but see in your eyes a Paradise.

Dorian Woods

Memories

Early morning Bright red haze Sailor's warning

Six O'Clock And in a daze I sit on the dock

A storm approached My eyes glaze Reminders of a kiss

Cassandra Ciardi



Aurora by Melissa Moraies

It was around 4:30 in the morning when I awoke from a deep, dreamless sleep. I was laying on my back with my hands supporting my head from the ground; I was meditating, thinking, and calmed by the peaceful surroundings. I stared up into a dark nothing, feeling a light cool breeze against my face.

It was near and I did not want to miss it. I dressed quickly in the small tent that sheltered me during the cool night. I gathered my equipment and my survival knife and placed it in a large backpack. I rolled up the sleeping bag and, last of all, the tent. After everything was securely fastened on the backpack, I slipped on my hiking boots and figured out my new path.

I set off into the darkness of early morning, tripping on the small stones that hindered my way. My flashlight seemed to rip through the darkness like a knife. Off through the woods I heard the faint sound of rushing water. Distracted by this sound I became startled by another of small feet scuttling among the twigs and branches. I pointed the light towards the sound and there stood a very small rabbit with large, curious eyes. It tilted it's head to the side, then realizing fear within himself, ran off back into the darkness.

I continued my way towards the river, feeling discomfort from the weight on my back and the heaviness from boots. My thirst grew with every step I took.

When I finally reached the river, settled down my backpack and took off my boots and socks. I refilled my canteen and washed the mess kit before I had some time to relax. (Everything I had done from the beginning had been quite difficult since I had the aid of only one small flashlight). After I had finished my task, I sat on a large stone beside the tree and waited.

As time went by, I noticed in the sky a light tint of color spreading from the horizon. It was slow but gradual, giving one an inexplicable feeling of wonder. The sky turned to a crimson, mixing in with a yellowish haze. The light splashed in, surging in through the tight crevices of all dark shadows. The colors played with the reflections of the sparkling water, making it seem like shattered crystal, brought to life. Then came the golden sun, reigning once more, climbing higher and higher to reach it's throne.

It was all so thrilling, so enchanting, that I could not conceive it all at once.

I gazed at this world before me, filled with life. Long blades of green swayed in a dance beside the waters. The small yellow flowers carpeted each bank, with tiny inhabitants hopping from side to side. The singing from above filled my ears as I tried unsuccessfully to respond. I reclined on the large stone content, looking up once again. This, I thought, had truly been the ultimate.

Uncovered

Against the breeze, she tries to push her head out of the open window.

Surrounded by its metal blueness, that tiny white head appears

Fascinated by the pile of burning matter, dying along the roadside.

"OOH Lookie!" exclaims the bi-braided slightly humanoid being suddenly forced to the floor of the accelerating

Vehicle by the weight at her ankle, daddy's plump hand, which

Quickly returns to the primitive steering device, as the newly cratered

Spot of land, still steaming, is left behind, and the child's thoughts return to more

earthly matters.

Nancy Dingley

The Ultimate Selfish

I take what I need.
I give as I like.
It works out quite nicely.
It does what I like.

You may think I'm selfish. But you're in there too Amongst mu equations About what to do.

I think - thus I am.
Egocentric you sing.
But I think about you
It should count for something.

I expect you to take What you want, what you need And I may just help you -Succumb to my greed.

The scene should be perfect.
I must have my say.
Should the crew not work smoothly.
I'll try it their way.

Andrew Stewart

Dawn's Star

The darkness of the night slowly passes, Stars, casting their last light, Fading as the sun colors the horizon, A rose on the ocean's rim. The stars become lost, 'Till but one remains, Shining in the rosy glow, And as its fires fade It too becomes lost In the dusky dawn.

Julie Morrison

Orpheus by Julie Morrison

O wanderer, why, in your cloak of black, do you travel along this lonely path? It is a cold night, it is a dark night, in this valley of shadow, and your burden is heavy.

You are old, dear musician, and the strings of your lyre sing a song of tears, where the glow of a candle sheds no light. Turn, go back, to where the fire warms the heart, for here golden haired Aurora wears not her gown of rose, but a shroud.

Gaze into the pool, musician, see not your own reflection, but a stranger's, your own past, but an obscured future. Sleep, dear wanderer, and listen to the enchanted song of darkness, for now there are no nymphs to dance to your melody. Rest, musician, for your journey is long, where there is no tomorrow and time never ends.

Weep, for perhaps this is but a dream.. from which you may never wake.

To love is to mourn...

Apollo and Daphne

He's running to catch you, Daphne, And he will Because he's a god. You vowed Athena's oath But he does not care; He will get his way.

His hand is on you, Daphne,
And you rooted to the ground.
Your soft legs are heavy with bark
Your small mouth open,
A knot of wood.
And your hands and hair toss in the breeze.
Leaves that turn to the sun's light.

Later he will cut one of your boughs And wear you around his forehead, A trophy of Laurel. Oh, Daphne How could you be so naive? Maiden or tree He'd get you either way.

Dorian Woods

A Great Man by Anthony Ho

His last week on earth was probably one of great pain and suffering. The weather was stifling hot and terribly humid, typical of the lazy, hazy days of August. The oppressive heat and humidity definitely heightened the old man's misery. In the dark, shaded confines of his two century year old colonial house, the great man lay barely conscious on his sweat-soaked bed. Ted died a quiet and inconspicuous death, unfitting for a man of his stature.

When I first journeyed to the smoke shop twenty years ago, I encountered the seventy-four year old proprietor, Ted Brunsel. This visit was the start of a warm relationship between a kid and a special old man. Ted was a tough, modest, and uneducated man, who was considered by many as being a crusty old New Englander. He had long, white hair accompanied by a small, but distinct, goatee and mustache. His hands and face were rough, weathered, and deeply wrinkled, probably due to his former occupation as a carpenter.

Ted had an annoying habit, and that was chewing and spitting tobacco. Once, out of curiosity, I asked him how he started; but indirectly, he turned slightly away from me to indicate his displeasure in bringing up the subject. Instead, he began to tell me of the importance of an education and close family relationships. Ted's knowledge and wisdom in these areas developed from his own personal experiences in life. When Ted was a young man, he quit from high school and ran away from home to be married and to pursue his interest in carpentry.

During our twenty years of friendship, Ted's appearance changed a little, except for his weight. A few years before I met him, Ted had become afflicted with cancer, which eventually became terminal. Because of his physical strength and strong will to survive, it took twelve years for the malignancy to finally take its toll. Watching Ted slowly, but steadily, decline in health, was a sorrowful and realistic experience for myself, his family, and his many friendly customers. It made us painfully aware of our own vulnerability. Ted was once a handsome and powerful man of 200 pounds; he died with a ninety pound frame of skin and bones.

Until a month before he died, Ted would still drive his old, black, rusted Pontiac to the center of town everyday, to purchase his newspaper and tobacco and to chat with his many chums. Not everyone liked Ted, but I feel that they all reluctantly respected him. Ted loved to swear and curse, and at times he could get very offensive. irrational, and upset. He was a person who hated to get "screwed" under any circumstances. This particular attitude was probably best reflected in his many humorous, "classic", homemade signs, which lined the walls of the smoke shop. All his signs, many which contained misspelled words, were probably quickly written after one of his fits of anger. A couple of these signs read:

"Don't use the ashtrays. Just throw your cigarette butts on the floor, so the goddamn place will burn down! -Ted" and.

"If you came to steal things, make sure you get everything so I can go out of business sooner.

-Ted"

Although Ted was a man of means, it was not apparent to those who knew him. He lived a simple and frugal life, wearing shredded, age-stained clothes and living in a small log cabin, furnished sparingly, in the middle of fifty acres of wildlife. He chose to die here, among his family, friends, fond memories, and familiar surroundings. Ted Brunsel died a wealthy man rich in fine personal qualities and in character.

Every Night

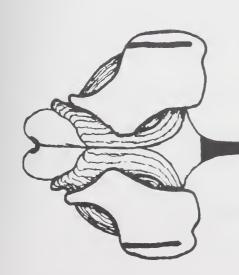
I sit on the edge
of my bed
with an orange paper towel
limp and wet
I wipe the black
dirt
from the bottom of my feet
around the heel
between the toes
until the paper towel
is torn
and black
in my palm.

Dorian Woods

The Lamp Light Is Dim

I slump at my desk slow and filmy a translucent worm college threatens like a hook to pierce me to my chair thick and bubbly I sigh as worms only can and cast myself into the river of applicants food for a fat fish.

Dorian Woods



Half A Person

Unfiltered humor rebounds against Fourth dimensional walls and Sifts through the air pockets in The gingerbread windows.

Noticed only by the white, marble Cups caught speechless in the act of Subdividing neatly into quadrants From an overload of effervescence, and

The bolts of frozen moonlight
Dancing across the caffeine-free
Tabletops only to slip and
Fall on the other side. The

Girl pauses to catch a flaming one, Bruising her hand in the process of Recording this and piling it in Back of her eyes in a small layer

Cake - only to be eaten and digested By the useless information which went on A hunger strike and turned her Brain into a Third World Country.

They turn to me for answers, but My synthesizer has an Elvis key And maybe if I play it loud enough I won't notice.

Heather Fairfield





Words

Words of hatred, words of love Strong as an eagle or weak as a dove Words leave their impressions inside Whether those be of jubilant new love Or insulted pride Words make things seem crystal clear Hidden emotions are expressed here Through words, old friends are reunited And pledges of loyalty are recited They can be the mark of a true friend Or of one who will betray you until The end But words won't buy love, or a surname Of "Brave" When the good words we speak, don't Reflect how we behave

Anne Leahy

Somewhere in Somerville

Finally giving
in to sleep,
tranquility overwhelms
me safe
in my home,
I'm barely conscious of
my almost silent rhythmic
breathing and the familiar
shield of grayness that
covers every object in the
sleeping room.
Another sound is heard.
crying...sobbing

Soft crying.
Soft crying?
Turning toward the bedroom window, I see only a patch of starless blueblack sky.
(weariness makes me stupid) Is the window crying?

very near someone lies very weak.

But I want to sleep and fall asleep and go on sleeping and forgetting and ignoring that that other is still crying? Apparently, in front of his house on his front lawn

Apparently, where the first floor woman, hearing highly vociferous shouts, scrambled out of the apartment with a sinister frying pan (Teflon coated I believe) in her hand, like a silly cartoon character, it was the only funny thing, found her; not dead not alive

Oh, what man's pleasure will deny our safety. Apparently, the woman had been attacked

I go to that house sometimes on weekends because I find a warm-hearted man with a New Jersey accent there. Engulfed in his world, I must admit it's easy to forget that crime or pain exists,

but least of all my tasks, whatever love he can offer me will be remodeled in part to sympathy for a woman who was stopped at the front of our lives by unknown reasons;

> one nameless, damaged soul.

> > Nancy Dingley

Tempest

A Storm, Raging, Casts showers of water Undulating ever down To an inquisitive Earth.

That earth,
Land,
A mirror of life,
Yields ever forth
The light of its soul,
Ye yielding
Nothing.

Showers
Of a tempest that was
Leave crystal
Droplets of water
Searching
Searching—
Why?

My tears,
Those droplets
Seeking they gaze
Ever toward
The dark sky,
Tormented by pain;
The clouds
Offer
No answers.

Lightning,
Fire of heaven,
Thrashes the heart
Of life
As even the droplets
Cringe
In fear.

And
The storm subsides
Leaving behind
Puddles
Of its fury.
The earth is the same;
Its lands are the same.
Yet

Those tears,

Now prisms of shimmering colors,

Spew forth a magic

From the sunlight

That now flows

Ever down.

Robert Pulcini

Thursday-

The door was open as it always had been in times past. The chill of its knob swept through my arm, perhaps a reminder of how cold these past few days had been. Instantly the heavy smell of the kitchen touched my senses. Thought hardly used anymore, the pleasing odor of past concoctions seemed to have settled into the dusty walls and woodwork.

The stairs were so much longer now; step after step I went, each bringing to mind images of the past. I seemed to walk through them. All of the parties, Easter Sundays and Christmas Eves were before my eyes. And then, I.. saw. her. How lively and strong she was! We would gather all around her as young children, feeling always that warm strength and protection.

But now....now what would happen?

As I rounded the corner the reality of this task came to me in a rush of tears. I had been crying for days now, but inside. For on that bed, there she was,..my mother. Her strength was but only in those memories before. I could see through the blur of my tears that last flicker of life ebb from her eyes as I told her that her husband had died on monday.

-Robert Pulcini

Close the blinds

Untitled

Shade me from the miserable light My body aches From wracking with sobs of anguish My head is split with problems compounded I feel unwanted Does no one love me? Answer! You stare in awe As if you have never seen a suicidal Look at me! Don't turn away and leave me Love me Once more before you walk out Oh God! But you are silent You will not answer my pleas Well then, GO! Be rid of you, wretch Hove you.



Cassandra Ciardi

Tribute

Walking . . .

down the corridor

dim light hazes the air to reverently touch your lockers blind memorials you left behind

Drowning . . .

in a torrent of memories flooding...frantic...oblivious to my attempts to repress them not wanting to cry aloud

Realizing . . .

again that you're gone...gone but never ever forgotten legends always live on in our hearts - engraved by love

Leaning . . .

against the wall remember all of it - all you went through all we went through with you for

you were part of us

Smiling . . .

at the lonely tear. . .

prism sliding down on my cheek to

shatter on the floor

- a tribute to the class of 1987

You were the best.

Heather Fairfield (who will never forget everything you taught us.)

Cry Of Eternity

I TRY SO hard to be strong
But sometimes its not easy
Sometimes its just "one of those days"
When everything goes wrong
No one understands
How it is...
To fall asleep
Surrounded by bitter tears

You know how hard it is
When you don't want to do something
And they glare, stare, and dare
'Til you finally surrender,
Your spirits gone
When they expect you to be perfect
When they only see the bad side of you
Never the good

Probably by now You think my soul is dried well From endless tears You're dead wrong My bitterness, my sadness, my tears Are forever and ever and ever But no one knows of this silent, inner torm They are blinded By my wall of happiness & laughter My cry was swept away By the winds And there it will stay Among the stars, sky, and clouds Only the birds know Only the trees know Only nature knows Of this cry of eternity

Anonymous



Wuthering Heights short story by Eugene T. Alabaster

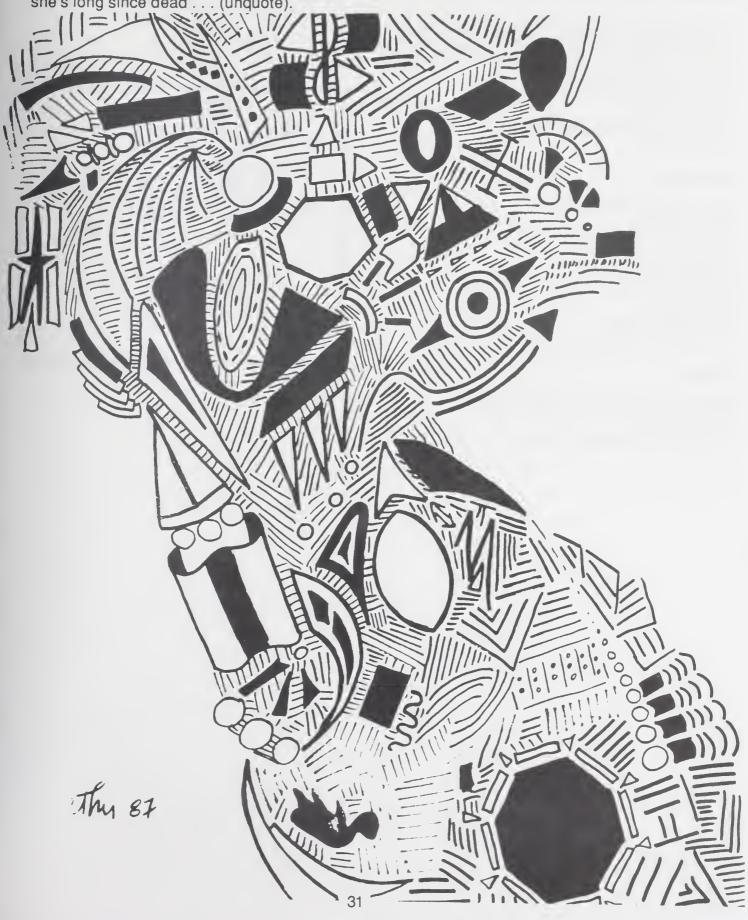
With my father's yellow-and-blue bowling-type-bag packed with my clothes worn yester-day, a book of poems half-unread and fifty-six xerographic periodicals doomed to an early death, I climbed the plinth beside the statue — some virgin goddess of coppery green. I thought of Catherine in the catatonic state of Pennsylvania and tried telepathy: come and share this pedestal with me. But I soon relinquished this thought because the great and mystic force known as the (quote) general public (unquote) was giving me an occasional odd stare. Ten o'clock in the morning of a mizzly Saturday and all this kid can do is cuddle up with wet marble? okay, fine.

I had called the illustrious Maria Elizabeth Brackenthwaite a couple of nights before and told her that (quote) our masterpiece is ready (unquote) and when would she like to see it? We agreed to meet here at (as I with my digital mentality, yeah, right, insisted upon) ten-thirty-seven at the latest. Her harpsichord lesson was scheduled to end (she informed me) at ten o'clock blunt so perhaps a little afterwards we'd (quote) get together(unquote); plus, she had to be at work by one. Miss Brackenthwaite worked at someplace called (quote) the microchip museum (unquote). In the gray lack-of-drainpipe trace-of-rain I scratched my brain and wondered to myself, what the expletivewise deletion almighty is a microchip museum, slightly more silent was I being than the ancient womanoid whose stony lap was nearest mine and resting uncinctured. The microchip museum: from the little I knew and still I know it sounded un-Maria, didn't fit the image of the burgeoning Sylvia Plath (minus the suicidal tendencies) who had seen me no less than a quintillion times in the hallways of school last year (oh how dreary dear kiddies) and spoke nearly three words to me, thereby convincing me of her greatness. What strange things people do for money. I myself, no one to be picking sawdust, was a file-cabinet prostitute for six dollars an hour.

Another passerby was glancing weirdly up at me (is it really so strange?) juxtaposed cannily with the sculpture of the blest virgin what's her name. In the words of Warren Quincy (a mutual acquaintance of Miss Brackenthwaite and I who was definitely a leprechaun perhaps) the second, (quote) a piece of art upon which one can sit is just as good as a piece of art into which one can throw accidental subway tokens or purposeful pennies (unquote). Anyway there stood, waiting for the #39 bus, a bestpectacled sexless septuagenarian spinster whose face was sucking an obviously-sucked-before paperback pacifier whose back-cover nippleblurb proclaimed (quote) America Reads Danielle Steel (unquote). Just then I thought that if I were to go to college and live in a dormitory with people, I'd want a roommate in front of whom I could use words like egregious or saturnine or intransigent without his having to run for the dictionary but if he absolutely had to he'd know where to look. I wasn't sure I knew where to look. Anyway, there was Maria emanating (or should I say coming) from the opposite direction, knapsack on back and carrying on invisible harpsichord. In front of a bank across the street in the shadow of a skyscraper a hoisted screen of patterned patented lightbulbs seemingly minuscule in wattage flashed 10:03, and, a few seconds later, 59. She was being worn by a cardigan sweater and a spring jacket (it was, after all, September) — neither article had a discernible button or zipper — eyeglasses, shoes and other necessary (why? I stopped short of wondering) things to wear — she seemed gray and violently impassive; in other words, she fit the weather, willy-nilly, like a napping chameleon. She must have weighed

ninety pounds with the knapsack and the invisible (though certainly not weightless) harpsichord — how tall was she? five-five, maybe?

I told her with smirking deprecation (quote) you look like blocking Emily Bronte (unquote). She told me with mater-of-fact alacrity (quote) I'd like to be blocking Emily Bronte but she's long since dead . . . (unquote).



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